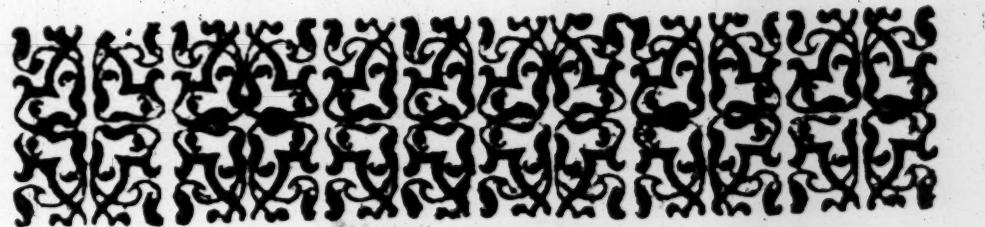


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THE
TRAGICALL
History of the horrible
Life and death
OF
DOCTOR FAVSTVS.

Written by Ch. MARLOW.



Imprinted at London by G. E. for John
wright and are to be sold at
Christ-church gate
1609.

The tragical history of Doctor Faustus.



Enter Chorus.

Now marching now in fields of Thracimene,
Where Mars did make the Carthaginians,
For sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In courts of Kings where state is ouerturnd,
For in the pomp of prond audacious dædes,
Intends our muse to daunt his heauenly verse:
Only this (gentlemen) we must performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes good or bad.
To patient iudgments we appeale our plaude,
And speake for Faustus in his infancy:
Now is he borne, his parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne cald Rhodes:
Of riper yeres to Wittenberg he went,
Wheras his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp,
So soone he profis in Diuinity,
The fruitfull plot of Scolerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose swete delight disputes
In heauenly matters of Theologic,
Till swolne with cunning of a selfe coice it,
His waren wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting heauens conspir'd his ouerthrew.
For falling to a diuelish exercise,
And glutted more with learnings golden gift.

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Hesurffets vpon cristed Paganisay.
Nothing soe sweet as magiike is to him
Whiche he prefers before his cheefest blisse,
And this the man that in his study lieth.

Exit.

Enter Faustus in his Study.

Faustus. Settle thy studiis Faustus, and beginne
To sound the deapth of that thou wilst proesse:
Having commencde, be a Divine in shew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery art,
And live and die in Aristotles wrokes
Sweet Analitikes tis thou hast rauisht me,
Bene disserere est finis logicis,
Is, to dispute well, Logicks chiefe end
Affordis this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more thou hast attaingd the end:
A greater subiect fitteth Faustus wit,
Bid Oeconomy farewell Galen come:
Hearing, vbi desinit philosopus, ibi incipit medicus.
Be a phisition Faustus, heape vp golde,
And be eternizde for some wondrouis cure,
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of phisicke is our bodies health:
Why Faustus, hast thou not attaingd that end?
Is not thy common talke sound Aphorismes?
Are not thy billes hung vp as monuments,
Wherby whole Citties haue escapt the plague,
And thousand desperat maladies beens easde,
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
Wouldst thou make man to liue eternally?
Or beeing dead raise them to life againe?
Then this profession were to be extrem'd,
Phisicke farewell, where is Iustinian?
Si vna eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A pretty case of paltry legastes:
Exhereditari filium non potest pater nisi:
Such is the subiect of the instituts

And

Doctor Faustus.

And vniuersall body of the Church:
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
who aimes at nothig but extermal trash,
The Diuell and illiberall to me:
when all is done Diuinely is best.
Ieromes Bibie, Faustus, viewe it well.
Stipendum peccati mors est ha, Stipendum, &c.
The reward of sinne is death: that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we haue no sinne,
We deceiue our selues and theres no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently die.
I, we must die an everlasting death:
What Doctrine call you this, Che sera, sera,
What will be shall be: Dignity adieu,
These Metaphisicks of Magittians,
And Pegromantike booke are Heauenly
Lines, cercles, sceanes, letters and characters:
I. these are those that Faustus most desires.
What a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious Artizan.
All thinges that moue betwene the quiet poles,
Shall be at my command, Emperours and Kings,
Are but obaied in their severall Provinces:
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as farre as doth the mind of man.
A sound Magician is a mighty god:
Here Faustus try thy braines to gaine a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner. commend me to my dore friends,
The Germaine valdes, and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will sir Exit.

Fau. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me:

Then

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Then all my labours plodde I ne're so fast.

Enter the good Angell and the euell Angell.
Good, A. O Faustus, lay that damned book aside,
And gaze not on it least it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heavy rod vpon thy head,
Read, read, the scriptures, that is blasphemie.

Euell An. Goe forward Faustus in that famous art,
Wherin all natures treasure is containde :
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the sky,
Lord and commaunder of these Elements. Excunt.

Fau. How am I glutted with conceit of this,
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolute me of all ambiguities,
Performe what desperate enterprize I will :
Ile haue them fly to India for gold,
Ransacke the Ocean for orient Pearle,
And search all corners of the new found world
For pleasant fruites and princely delicates :
Ile haue them read me strange philosophie,
And tell the secrets of all foraine Kings,
Ile haue them wall all Germany with brasse,
And make swift Rhine circle faire Wertenberge,
Ile haue them fill the publike schooles with skill,
Wherewith the students shall be brauely clad :
Ile leuie Soldiers with the coine they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And raigne sole King of all the prouinces,
Ye a stranger engines for the brunt of warre,
Then was the ficer keele at Antwerpes bridge,
Ile make my seruile spirits to inuent :
Come Germaine Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference,
Valdes, swete Valdes and Cornelius.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.
I know that your words haue won me at the last,

To

Doctor Faustus.

To practise magick and concealed arts :
Yet not your words onely, but mine owne fantasie.
That will receiue no obiect for my head,
But ruminates on Negromantique skill,
Philosophy is odious and obscure,
Both law and phisick are for petty wits,
Divinity is basest of the thre,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible and vilde,
Tis magick, magick that hath raisht me,
Then gentle friends aide me in this attempt,
And I that haue with Consillogismes
Grauel'd the Pastors of the Germaine Church,
And made the slowring pride of Wertenberg,
Swarme to my Problemes as the infernall spirits,
On swet Masæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cumming as Agrippa was
Whose shadowes made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus these bookes thy wit and our experiance,
Shall maks all nations to canonize vs,
As Indian Mores obey their Spanish Lords,
So shall the subiects of euery element
Be alwayes seruiceable to vs thre,
Like Lions shall they guard vs when we please,
Like Almaine Kuttars with their horsemens stauers,
Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides,
Somietimes like women, or vnwedded maides,
Shaddowing more beauty in their ayrie browes,
Then in their white breasts of the quene of Loue :
From Venice shall the dragge huge Argoces,
And from America the golden flæce,
That yearly stuffes old Philips treasurie
As learned Faustus will be resolute.

Fau. Valdes as resolute am I in this
As thou to liue, therefore obiect it not.

Cor. The miracles that Magick will performe,
Will make thee bow to study nothing else,
Ho that is grounded in Astrologie,

Tricht

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Enricht with tonges well scene in mineralls,
Hath all the principals Magick doth require,
Then daubt not (Faustus) but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery,
Then betherto the Delphian Oracle.

The spirits tell me they can dry the Sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foraine wrackes,
I. all the welth that our forefathers hid
Within the massive entrailes of the earth.

Then tell me Faustus, what shal we th̄e want?

Fau. Nothing Cornelius, D̄ this cheates my soule,
Come shew me some demonstrations magicall,
That I may coniure in some little groue,
And haue these ioyes in full possession.

Val. Then hast th̄e to some solitarie groue,
And beare wise Bacons and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Psalter and new Testament,
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will informe th̄e ere our conference cease.

Cor. Valdes, first let him know the words of art,
And then all other ceremonies leard,
Faustus may trie his cumming by himselfe,

Aal. First Ile instruct th̄e in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter then I.

Fau. Then come and dine with me, and after meate,
Weele camas every quidditie thereof:
For ere I sleepe Ile trie what I can doe,
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore.

Exeunt.

Enter two Schollers.

1. Scho. I wonder whats becom of Faustus, that was
Wont to make our schooles ring with, sic probo.

2. Sc. That shall we know, for s̄e here comes his boy

Enter Wagner.

1. Sch. Now now s̄tra wheres thy maister?

Wag. God in Heauen knowes.

2. Why, dost not thou know?

VVeg

Doctor Faustus.

Wag Yes I know, but that follows not.

1 Go to serra, leane your leasting, and tell vs where
hæ is.

Wag That follows not necessary by force of argument
that you being licentiat should stand vpon it, therfore ac-
knowledge your erroz, and be attentive.

2 Why, didst thou not say thou knewst?

Wag. Haue you any witnesse on it?

1 Yes serra, I heard you.

Wag. Ask me my fellow if I be a thiefe.

2 Well you will not tell vs.

Wag. Yes Sir, I will tell you, yet if you were not dunces
you would never aske me such a question, for is not he cor-
pus naturale, and is not that mobile, then wherefore should
you aske me such a question: but that I am by nature aeg-
maticke, slowe to wrath, and prone to leachery, (to lome I
would say) it were not for you to come within forty fote of
the place of execution, although I doe not doubt to see you
both hang'd the next Sessions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer
you, I will set my countenance like a pricisan, and begin to
speaks thus: truely my deare brethren, my maister is within
at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could
speake, it would informe your worshipe, and soe the Lord
bless you, preserue you, and kepe you my deare brethren,
my deare brethren.

Exit.

1 Nay then I feare he is faine into that damned art, for
which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Were he a stranger and not alied to me, yet should I
grieve for him: but come let vs go and informe the Rector,
and see if he by his grave couicell can reclame him.

1. O but I feare me nothing can reclame him.

2. Yet let vs trie what we can doe

Exeunt.

Enter Faustus to coniurc.

Fau. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orions dazzling looke,

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Leapes from th' antartike world unto the skie,
And dimmes the welkin with her pitchy breath:
Faustus begin thine incantations,
And trie if Diuels will obey thy hest,
Seing thou hast prayde and sacrifice'd to them.
Within this circle is Iehouah's name,
Forward and backward, and Agramithist,
The brenuated names of holy Saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heauens,
And characters of signes and erring Starres.
By whith the spirits are inso'ret to rise.
Then feare not Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the vntermost Magick can performe.
Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii, valeat nume triplex Ieho-
væ, ignei aerii, Aquatani spiritus saluete, Orientis princeps
Belisbub, inferni ardoris monarcha & demigorgon, pro-
pitiamus vos, ut apariat & surgat Mephistophilis, quod cu-
meraris, per Iehouam, gehennam & consecratam aquam
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, &
per vota nostra ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatis Mephisto-
philis.

Enter a Diuell.

I charge thee to returne and change thy shape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me,
Goe and returne an old Franciscan Friar,
That holy shape becomes a diuell best. Exit Diuell.
I see theres vertue in my heuenly words,
Who would not be proficient in this arte
How pliant is this Mephistophilis:
Full of obedience and humilitie,
Such is the force of Magicke and my spels.
No Faustus, thou art coniurer laureate
That canst command great Mephistophilis,
Quia regis Mephistophilis fratis imagine.

Enter Mephistophilis.

Me- Now Faustus, what wouldest thou haue me do:
Fau. I charge thee wait vpon me whilste I live,

To

Doctor Faustus.

To do what euer Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the Moone drop from her spheare,
Or the Ocean to overwhelme the world.

Mc. I am a seruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leaue,
So more then he commands must we performe.

Fau. Did not he charge thee to appeare to me?

Mc. No, I came now hither of mine owne accord.

Fau. Did not my coniuring spirits raise thee speake.

Mc. That was the cause, but yet per accident,
For when we heare one rackinge the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Saviour Christ,
We flye in hope to get his glorious soule,
Nor will we come, unlesse he vse such meane's
Wherby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the shorkest cut for coniuring,
Is stoutly to abiure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell. (p[er]le)

Fau. So Faustus hath already done, & holdes this principall
There is no cheeze but onely Belsibub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate him selfe:
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elizium,
His gholl be with the old Philosophers,
But leauing these vaine trifles of mens scules,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy Lord?

Mc. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Fau. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?

Mc. Yes Faustus, and most deately lou'd of God.

Fau. How comes it then that he is prince of Diuels?

Mc. By aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heauen.

Fau. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Mc. Unhappy spirits that live with Lucifer:
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer:
And are for euer damn'd with Lucifer.

Fau. Where are you damn'd?

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Me. In hell.

Fau. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Me. Why this is hell, no; am I out of it?

Thinkest thou that I that saw the face of God,

And talked the eternall joyes of heauen,

I am not tormented with ten thousand hells,

In being depriv'd of euerlasting blisse;

O Faustus, leaue these frivalous demandes,

Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.

Fau. What is great Mephistophilis so passionate,

For being depriv'd of the joyes of heauen?

Learne thou of Faustus, manly fortitude,

And scorne those joyes thou neuer shalt posses.

See here those tidings to great Lucifer,

Seeing Faustus, hath incur'd eternall death,

By desperate thoughts against loues deity:

See, he surrenders to him his soule,

So he will spare him 24. yeres,

Letting him live in all voluptuousnes,

Having thre euer to attend on me,

To giue whatsoeuer I shall aske,

To tell me whatsoeuer I demand,

To slay mine enemis and to ayde my friends,

And alwayes be obedient to my will:

See and returne to mighty Lucifer,

And meeke me in my study at midnight,

And then resolute me of thy maisters minde.

Me. I will Faustus. Exit.

Fau. Had I as many soules as there be starres,

Ide giue them all for Mephistophilis:

By him Ile be great Emperour of the world,

And make a bridg through the mouing ayre,

To passe the Ocean with a band of men,

Ile torne the hils that binde the Affricke shire,

And make that land conuent to Spaine,

And both contributory to my crowne:

The Emperour shall not lue but by my leave,

Doctor Faustus.

For any Potentate of Germany:
Polo that I haue obtain'd what I desire,
The line inspeculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis returne againe: Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Sirra boy, come hit her.

Clo. How, boy, swowns boy I hope you haue seene many boyes with such picadevants as I haue. Woy quotha?

Wag. Tell me sirra, hast thou any commings in?

Clo. I and goings out too, you may see else.

Wag. Alas poore slau, see how poverty iesteth in his nakednesse, the villain is bare and out of seruice, and so hungry, that I know he woulde giue his soule to the Dinel for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood rawe.

Clo. how, my soule to the Dinel for a shoulder of mutton though twere blood rawe: not so good friend, burlady I had neede haue it well roasted and good sawce to it if I pay so deere.

VVag. Wel, wilt thou serue me, and Ile make thee goe like Qui mihi discipulus?

Clo. How in ver'e?

VVag. No srra in beaten silke and slaues acre.

Clo. how, how, knaues acre: I, I thought that was al the land his father left him: Do ye heare I would be sorry to robbe you of your living.

VVag. Sirra I say in slaues acre.

Clo. Oho, oho, slaues acre, why then belike, if I were your man I should be full of vermine.

Wag. So thou shalt whether thou best with me, or no: but srra, leaue your iesting, and binde your se fe presently bnts me for seauen yeres, or Ile turne all the lice about thee into familiars and they shall teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Doe you heare sir, you may saue that labour, they are too familiar with me already, swowns they are as bold with my flesh, as if they had paid for my meat and drinke.

Wag. Well doe you heare srra: hold, take these gilders.

Clo. Gridyrons what be they?

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Wag. Why fren^{ch} crownes.

Clo. Has but for the name of fren^{ch} crownes a man
were as good haue as many engl^{ish} counters, and what
should I do with these?

Wag. Why now serra thou art at an houres warning
whensocuer o^r wheresoever the diuell shall fetch thee.

Clo. No ne, here take your gridirons againe.

Wag. Truly I^{ll} none of them.

Clo. Truly but you shall.

Wag. Beare witnesse I gave them him.

Clo. Bears witnesse I^{ll} give them you agayne.

Wag. Well I will cause two diuels presently to fetch
thee away, Baliol and Belcher.

Clo. Let your Balio and your Belcher come here, & I^{ll} knock the^h, they were never so knockt since they were di-
uels, say I should kil one of the^h what would folks say: do
ye see vonder tal fellew in the round slop, he has kilo y di-
uell, so I should be cald kill diuel al the parish ouer.

Enter two diuels, and the Clowne runnes vp
and downe the Stage.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher, spirits away. Exeunt.

Clo. What, are they gon? a vengeance on them, they
haue vild long n ailes, ther was a he^r diuel & a she^e diuel,
I^{ll} tel you how you shall know them, all he^r diuels has
hernes, and all she^e diuels has clifts and clouen feete.

Wag. Well serra follow me.

Clo. But do you heare? if I should serue you, would
you teach me to raise vp Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I^{ll} tel teache thee to turne thy selfe to any thing,
to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a ratte, or any thing,

Clo. Now: a Ch^{ristian} fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse
or a ratte, no sic, if you turne mee into any thing, let it
be in the likenesse of a pretty frisking flea, that I may be
here and there and every where, O I^{ll} tel the pretty
wenches plackets; I^{ll} be amongst them if alth.

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Well serra come.

Clo. But do you heare Wagner?

Wag. How Balioll and Belcher.

Clo. O Lord I pray sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villaine call me maister Wagner, & let thy left
eye be diametarily fift vpon my right heele, with quasi
vestigias nostras insister. Exit.

Clo. God forgiue me, he speakes Dutch fustian: well,
Ile follow him, Ile serue him, that's flat. Exit.

Enter Faustus in his study.

Fau. Now Faustus must thou needs be damn'd,
And canst thou not be saued?
What bootes it then to thinke of God or heauen?
Away with such hayne fancies and dispayze,
Dispaire in God, and trust in Belsabub:
Now go not backward: no Faustus, be resolute.
Why wauerest y? O somthing soundeth in mine eares:
Abjure this Magick, turne to God agayne.
I and Faustus will turne to God againe:
To God he lones thee not,
The God thou seruest is thine owne appetite,
Wherein is fift the lone of Belsabub,
To him Ile build an altar, and a church,
And offer luke-warme blood of new borne babes.

Enter good Angell and euill.

Good An. Sweet Faustus, leauue that execrable art.

Fau. Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

Good An. O they are meanes to bring thee vnto hea-
uen.

Euil An. Rather illusions frutes of lunacy.
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

Good An. Sweet Faustus thinke of heauen, and hea-
uenly thiugs.

Euil An. No Faustus, thinke of honor and of wealth.

Fau. Of wealth, Exeunt.

Why the signoy of Emden shallbe mine,
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me.

what

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Wh^t at God can hurt thee Faustus, thou art safe,
C^t it no more doubts, come Mephistophilis,
And bring i glad tidings from great Lucifer.
It not midnight: come Mephistophilis,
Veni veni Mephistophilis. Enter Meph.

Now tell, what sayes Lucifer thy Lord?

Me. That I shall waite on Faustus whil^t I live,
S^e he will buy my seruice with his soule.

Fau. Alread^y Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Me. But Faustus thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deede of gift with thine owne blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer:
If thou deny it I will backe to hell,

Fau. Stay Mephistophilis, and tell me, what god will
my soule doe thy Lord.

M^r Inlarge his kingdome.

Fau. Is that the reason he tempts vs thus?

Me Solanien miscri^s socios habuisse doloris.

Fau. Haue you any paine that tortures others?

Me. As great as haue the humane soules of men:
But tell me Faustus, shall I haue thy soule?
And I will be thy slau^e and waite on thee,
And give thee more then thou hast wit to aske?

Fau. I Mephistophilis, I giue it thee.

Me. Then stabbe thine arme couragiousl^r,
And binde thy soule, that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne,
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Fau. Lo^r Mephistophilis for loue of thee,
I cut mine arme and with my proper blood,
Asure my soule to be great Lucifer,
Thise Lord and regent of perpetuall night,
View here the blood that trickles from mine arme
And let it be propitions for my wish.

Meph. But Faustus thou must write it in manner of a
deede of gift.

Fau. I so I will, but Mephistophilis my blood conteales
and

Doctor Faustus.

and I can write no more.

Me. Ile fetch the fire to dissolve it straight. Exit.

Fau. What might the stayng of my blood portende
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streames it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus goes to thee his soule: ah there it stayd,
Why shouldest thou not: is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe, Faustus gives to the his soule.

Enter Mephistophilis with a chaser of coales.

Me. Here's fire, come Faustus, set it on.

Fau. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make an end immedately.

Me. O what will I not do to obtaine his soule?

Fau. Consummatum est, this kill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on my arme?

Homo fuge, whether should I flye?
If unto God he'lle throw the downe to hell,
My sences are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ,
I see it playne, here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge, yet shall not Faustus flye:

Me. Ile fetch him some what to delight his minde.

Exit.

Enter with diuels, giuing crownes and rich apparell to
Faustus, and daunce, and then depart.

Fau. Speake Mephistophilis, what meanes this shew?
Me. Nothing Faustus but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew the what Magick can performe me.

Fau. But may I raise vp spirits when I please?

Me. I Faustus, and do greater things then these.

Fau. Then ther's inough for a thousand soules:

Here Mephistophilis receiu this scroole,
A daed of gift of body and of soule:
But yet conditionally, that thou performe
All articles prescrib'd betweene vs both.

C

Me.

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Me. Faustus, I sware by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises betwene vs made.

Fau. Then heare me read them: on these conditions following.

First, that Faustus may bee a spirit in forme and substance.

Secondly, that Mephaſtophilis ſhall be his ſervante, and at his co mmand.

Thirdly, that Mephaſtophilis ſhall do for him, and bring him whatſoeuer.

Fourthly, that hee ſhall bee in his chamber or house inuible.

Lastly, that he ſhall apppeare to the ſaid John Faſtus at al times, in what forme and ſhape ſocuer he pleaſe.

I John Faſtus of wertenberg, Doctor, by these preſents, doe giue both body and ſoule to Lucifer prince of the Eaſt, and his minifter Mephaſtophilis, and furthermore grant vnto them, that 24. yeares being expired, the articles aboue written inuiolate, full power to ſetech or carry the ſaid John Faſtus body and ſoule, fleſh, bloud, or goods into their habitation wheresocuer.

By me John Faſtus.

Me. Speake Faſtus, do you deliuer this as your deede

Fau. I, take it, and the diuell giue thee good on't.

Me. Now Faſtus aske what thou wilt.

Fau. First will I queſtione thee about hell,
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Me. Under the Heauens.

Fau. I, but where about?

Me. Within the bowels of theſe elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer,
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumſcrib'd
In one ſelſe place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, muſt we euer be:
And to conclude, when al the world diſſolues,
And every creature ſhall be puriſhed,
All places ſhall be hell that is not heauen.

Fau.

Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Come, I thinke hell's a fable.

Me. I thinke so still, till experience change thy minde.

Fau. Why? think'ſt thou then that Faſtus shall be
damn'd?

Me. I of necessity, for here's the ſcrawle,
wherin thou haſt giuen thy ſoule to Lucifer.

Fau. I, and body too, but what of that?
Think'ſt thou that Faſtus is ſo ſend,
To imagine that after this life there is any payne?
Tush these are trifles and old wiues tales.

Me. But Faſtus I am an instance to prove the con-
trary, for I am damn'd, and am now in hell.

Fau. How? now in hell? nay and this be hell, I le willing-
ly be damn'd here: what walking, disputing, &c. But lea-
ving eft this, let me haue a wife, the fayrefest mayd in Ger-
many, for I am wanton and laſcivious, and cannot liue
without a wife.

Me. How, a wife? I prithé Faſtus talke not of a wife.

Fau. Nay ſweet Mephaſtoſhilis fetch me one, for I will
haue one.

Me. Wel thou wiſt haue one, ſay there till I come, I le
fetch thee a wife in the diuels name.

Enter with a diuell drest like a woman,
with fire works.

Me. Tell Faſtus, how doſt thou like thy wife?

Fau. A plague on her for a hote whoſe.

Me. Eui Faſtus, marriage is but a ceremoniall top, if
thou loueſt me thinke no more of it,
I le cull thee out the fayrefest curtezans,
And bring them every morning to thy bed,
She whome thy eye haſt like, thy heart haſt haue,
Be ſhe as chal as was Penelope,
As wiſe as Saba, or as beautiſh
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this booke, perufe it thorowly,
The ſterating of these lines brings gold,

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The framing of this circle on the ground,
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy selfe,
And men in armour shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Fau. Thanks Mephistophilus, yet faine would I haue a
book wherin I may behold all spets and incantations, that
I might raise vp spirits when I please.

Me. Here they are in this book. Turne to them.

Fau. Now would I haue a book where I might see al cha-
racters and Planets of the heauens, that I might knowe
their motions and dispositions.

Me. Here they are too. Turne to them.

Fau. Nay let me haue one book more, and then I haue
done, wherin I might see all plants, hearts and trees that
grow vpon the earth.

Me. Here they be.

Fau. O thou art deceiv'd.

Me. But I warrant thee. Turne to them.

Fau. When I behold the heauens, then I repente,
And curse thee wicked Mephistophilus,
Because thou hast depriu'd me of those toyes.

Me. Why Faustus,
Thinkest thou heauen such a glorious thinge
I tel thee tis not halfe so faire as thou,
Or any man that breaths on earth.

Fau. How prou'fst thou that?

Me. It was made for man, therefore is man more ex-
cellent.

Fau. If it were made for man, twas made for mee:
I will renounce this Magiche and repent.

Enter good Angell and euill Angell.

Good An. Faustus, repent yet, God will pity thee.

Euill An. Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

Fau. Who buzzeth in mine eares I am a spirit
Be I a diuel, yet God may pity me,
I God will pity me if I repent.

Euill,

Doctor Faustus.

Rid An. I but Faustus neuer shal repent, Excuse.

Fau. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent,
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heauen,
But fearefull echoes thunders in mine eares,
Faustus, thou art damn'd, then swords and knives,
Poyson, gunnes, halters and inuenom'd steris
Are layd before me to dispatch my selfe,
And long ere this I should haue slaine my selfe,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep dispayre.
Haue not I made blinde Homer sing to me,
Of A'xanders loue, and Enons deah,
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious harp
Made musicke with my Mephistophilis,
Why should I dye then, or basely dispayre?
I am resolu'd Faustus shal neuer repent,
Come Mephistophilis let vs dispute again,
And argue of diuine Astrologie:
Tell me, ake ther many heauens above the moone
Are all celestiall bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centrick earth?

Me. As are the elements, such are the sphaeres,
Mutually folded in each others orbis,
And Faustus all ioyntly moue vpon one arctick,
Whose terminine is term'd the worlds wids pole,
Soz are the names of Saturne, Mars or Jupiter
Faind, but are erring starres.

Fau. But tell me, haue they all one motione both situ &
tempore.

Me. All ioyntly moue from East to West in 24. houres
vpon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion vpon
pon the poles of the Zodiacke.

Fau. Tush, these slender trifles Wagges can decide,
Vath Mephistophilis no greater skille
Who knowes not the double motion of the Planets?
The first is finisht in a naturall day,
The second thus, as Saturne in 30. yeares, Jupiter in 12.

C.

Mars.

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Mars. in 4. the Sunne, Venus, and mercury in a yea: the
Moone in 28. daies: tush these are fresh mens suppositiones,
but tel me, hath euery sphaere a dominion o; Intelligenies.

Mc. I.

Fau. Howe many heauens o; sphaeres are there?

Mc. Nine, the seauen Planets, the Firmament, and the
Imperiall heauen.

Fau. Well resolute me in this question, why haue we
not coniunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipsis, all at one
time, but in some yeares we haue more, some lesse?

Mc. Per inquam motum respectu totius.

Fau. Well, I am answered, tel me who made the world?

Mc. I will not.

Fau. Sweet Mephostophilis tell me.

Mc. Haue me not, for I will not tell that.

Fau. Willaine haue met I bound thee to tel me any thing?

Mc. I, that is not against our kingdome, but this is,
Thinke thou on hell Faustus for thou art dann'd.

Fau. Thinke Faustus vpon God that made the world.

Mc. Remember this.

Exit.

Fau. I, go accursed spirit to hgly hell,
Tis thou hast dann'd distressed Faustus soule:
It not too late?

Enter good Angel and cuill.

Evil A. Too late,

Good A. Neuer too late, if Faustus can repent.

Evil A. If thou repent diuels shal teare thee in pieces.

Good A. Repent & they shal never raze thy skin. Excuse.

Fau. Ah Christ my Sauiour, seeke to sau distressed Faus-
tus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belsabub and Mephostophilis.

Lu. Christ cannot sau thy soule, for he is iust,
Theres none but I haue interest in the same.

Fau. O who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Lu. I am Lucifer, and this is my companion Prince in
hell.

Fau. O Faustus they are come to fetch away thy soule.

Lu.

Doctor Faustus.

Lu. We come to tel thee thou dost iniure vs,
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise,
Thou shouldest not thinke of God, think of the diuell,
And of his dame too.

Fau. Now will I hence forth, pardon me in this,
And Faustus bowes never to looke to heauen.
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burne his Scriptures, slay his Ministers,
And make my spirits pull his Churches downne.

Lu. Do so, and we will highly gratifie thee:
Faustus, we are come from hel to shew thee some pastime
Set downe, and thou shalt see all the seauen deadly sins ap-
peare in theye proper shapes.

Fau. That sight will be as pleasing unto me, as Para-
dise was to Adam, the first day of his creation.

Lu. Talke not of Paradise, nor creation, but mark this
show, talke of the diuell, and nothing else: come away.

Enter the seauen deadly sinnes.

Now Faustus, examine them of their severall names
and dispositions.

Fau. What art thou: the first.

Pride. I am Pride, I disdaine to haue any parents, I
am like to Ouids bra, I can creap into every corner of a
wench, sometimes like a periwig, I sit vpon her braw, or
like a fan of feathers, I kisse her lips, indeede I doe, what
doe I note but sic, what a scent is heere: Ile not speake the
other word, except the ground were perfum'd and corre-
red wi' cloth of arras.

Fau. What art thou: the second.

Coue. I am Coueteousnes, begotten of an old churle,
in an old leatherne bagge: and might I haue my wish, I
woulde desire that thys house, and all the people in it were
turn'd to goid, that I might locke you vp in my god chest,
O my sweete Gold!

Fau. What art thou: the third.

Wrath. I am Wrath, I had neather father nor mother, I
leapt out of a lions mouth, wherē I was scarce half an houre
old

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old, and ever since I haue run by and downe the world,
With this case of rapiers wstanding my selfe, when I had
no body to fight withall: I was borne in hell, and looke to
it, for some of you shall be my father.

Fau. What art thou the fourth.

Enuy. I am Enuy, begotten of a Chimney-sweeper, and
an Oyster wife, I cannot read, and therfore wch al booke
were burnt: I am leane wch seeing others eate, & that
there wold come a famine through al the world, that all
might dye, and I liue alone, then thou shouldest see how fat
I wold bee: but must thou sitte and I stand: come downe
wch a vengeance.

Fau. Alway eniuious rascall: what art thou the fift.

Glut. Who I sic, I am Gluttony, my parents are all
dead, and the diuell a peny they haue left me, but a bare
pention, and that is 30. meales a day, and ten beaucers, a
small trible to suffice nature, & I come of a royall paren-
tage, my grandfather was a gaminion of bacon, my grand-
mother a hogshhead of Claret wine: My godfathers were
these, Peter Pickle-herring, and Martin Martlemas-beef,
& but my godmother she was a iolly gentlewoman, and
welbeloved in every good towne and citie, her name was
mistresse Margery March-beere: Now Faustus thou hast
heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper.

Fau. No Ile see thee hang d fift, thou wilt eate vp all
my victuals.

Glut. Then the diuell choake thee.

Fau. Choake thy selfe glutton: what art thou the sixt.

Sloath. I am sloath, I was begotten on a sunny banke,
where I haue laine euer since, & you haue done mee great
inury to bring me from thence, let mee be carryed thither
againe by Gluttony and Leachery, Ile not speake an other
word for a kings ransome.

Fau. What are you mistresse minkes? the seauenith
and last.

Leach. Who I sic? I am one that loues an inch of raw
utton better then an ell of fyde stock-fish, and the first
letter

Doctor Faustus.

Letter of my name begins with leachery.

Alway to hel, to hel. Excuse the sins.

Lu. Now Faustus how dost thou like this?

Fau. O this feedes my soule.

Lu. But Faustus, in hell is al manner of delight.

Fau. O might I see hell, and returns againe, how happy were I then?

Lu. Thou shalt, I wil send for thee at midnight, in mean time take this book, peruse it throughly, & thou shalt turns thy selfe into what shafe thou wilt.

Fau. Great thanks mighty Lucifer, this will I keepe as chary as my life.

Lu. Farewell Faustus, and thinke on the diuell.

Fau. Farewell great Lucifer, come Mephistophilis.

Excuse omnes.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. Learned Faustus,

To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Ioue high firmaineut,
Did mount him selfe to scale Olympustop,
Being seated in a charyot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yokyn dragons necks,
He now is gon to prove Cosmography,
And as I gesse will first ariue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

Exit wagner.

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis.

Fau. Having now my good Mephistophilis,
Past with delight the stately towne of Trier,
Inuirond round with ayry mountaine tops,
With walles of flint, and deepe intrenched lakes,
Not to be wonne by any conquering Prince,
From Paris next coasting the Realme of France,
We saw the riuier Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves offruitfull vines.
Then vp to Naples, rich Campania,

D

whose

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Those buildings sayre and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pau'd with finest bricke,
Quarters the towne in fourre equiuolence.
Thers also we learned Marcs golden tombe,
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Thorough a rocke of stonyne in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In midſt of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatnes the stars with her aspiring toppe.
Thus hetherto hath Faſtus spent his time,
But tell me now, what resting place is this?
Hast thou as erſt I did command,
Conducted me within the wals of Rome.

Me. Faſtus I haue, and because we wil not be unprovided,
I haue taken by his holynesse priuy chamber for
our vſe.

Fau. I hope his holynes wil bid vs welcome. (cheare,
Me. But, tis no matter man, weele be bold wth his god
And now my Faſtus, that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containeth to delight theſe with,
Know that this citte stands upon ſcauen hills
That vnderþrops the groundworke of the ſame,
Over the which fourre ſtately bridges leane.
That makes ſafe paſſage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo,
Erected is a Castle paſſyng ſtrong,
Within whose wals ſuch ſore of ordinance are,
And double Caſtions, fram'd of carued brasse,
As maſt the daies within one compleat yeaſe,
Besides the gates and highe pyramides,
Whiche Iulius Cæſar brought from Afrika.

Fau. Now by the kingdomeſ of infernall rule,
Of Styx, Acheron and the fiery lake
Of euer burning Plegito I ſweare,
That I do long to ſee the monuments,
And ſituatiōn of bright ſplendant Rome,
Come therefore lets away,

Me.

Doctor Faustus.

Me. Nay Faustus stay, I know yond faine see the Pope
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
Wher thou shalt see a troupe of bald-pate Friars,
Whose sumnum bonum is in belly cheare.

Fau. Well, I am content, to compasse then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.

Then charme me that I may be invisible, to do what I
please vnsene of any whilste I stay in Rome.

Me. So Faustus now do what thou wilt, thou shalt not
be discerned.

Sound a Sinet, enter the Pope and Cardinal of Lorraine
to the banket, with Fryers attending.

Pope. By Lord of Lorraine, wilt please you draw neare.

Fau. Fal to, and the diuell choake you and you spare.

Pope. How now, whose that which spake? Friars looke
about.

Fri. Here's no body, if it like your Holynesse.

Pope. By Lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from
the Bishop of Millaine.

Fau. I thanke you sir. Snatch it.

Pope. How now, whose that which snatched the meate
from me? wil no man looke?

My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of
Florence.

Fau. You say true, Ile hate.

Pope. What again? my Lord ile drinke to your Grace.

Fau. Ile pledge your grace.

Lor. By Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of
Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your holynesse.

Pope. It may be so, Friars prepare a dirge to lay the sū
of this ghost, once againe my Lord fall too.

The Pope crosseth him-selfe.

Fau. What are you crossing of your selfe?
Well vse that tricke no more, I would aduise you.

Crosse againe.

Fau. Well, ther's the second time, aware the third,
I give you sayze warning.

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Crosse againe, and Faustus hits him a boxe on the eare
and they all run away.

Fau. Come on Pep astophilis, what shall we do?

Mc. Say I know not, we shall be curst with bell, booke,
and cardle.

Fau. How bel, booke, and candle, candle, booke, and bell,
forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell.
Anon you shall heare a hog grunt, a calfe bleat, and an asse
bray, because it is S. Peters holy day.

Enter all the Friars to sing dirge.

Frier. Come brethren, lets about our busnes with god
devotion.

Sing this: Cursed be he that stole his holynesse meat from
the table. Maledicat dominus.

Cursed be hee that strooke his holynesse a blow on the face.
Maledicat dominus.

Cursed be he that tooke Frier Sandelo a blow on the pate.
male. &c.

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy Dirge.
male. &c.

Cursed be he that tooke away his holynesse wine.
male. &c.

Et omnes sancti Amen.

Beat the Friers, and fling fire-works among
them, and so exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

When Faustus had with pleasure tane the vield
Of rarest things, and roiall courts of Kings,
Hes staid his course, and so returned home,
Where such as beare his absence, but with grēfe,
I meane his friendes and nearest companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kinde words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his iourney through the world and ayre,
They put sooth questions of Astrologie,

In which

Doctor Faustus.

Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skil,
As they admir'd and wondred at his wit,
Now is his fame spread forth in every land,
Amongst the rest the Emperour is one,
Carolus the first, at whose Pallace now
Faustus is feasted amongst his noble men,
I leane vntold, your eies shall see perform'd. Exit.

Enter Robin the Ostler with a booke in his hand.

Ro. O this is admirable! here I ha stolne one of doctor
Faustus coniuring booke, and I faith I meane to search some
circles for mine own vse, now wil I make al y maidens in
our parish dance at my pleasure stark naked before me, &
so by y meanes I shal see more then ere I felt, or saw yet.

Enter Rafe calling Robin.

Rafe. Robin, prithée come away, there's a Gentleman
tarries to haue his horse, and hee would haue his thinges
rub'd and made cleane: he keeps such a chafing with my
mistresse about it, and she has sent me to looke thee out,
prithée come away.

Ro. Keepe out, keepe out, or else you are blowne vp, you
are dismembred Rafe, keepe out, for I am about a roaring
pece of worke.

Rafe. Come, what dost thou with the same booke thou
canst not read?

Ro. Yes, my maister and mistresse shall finde that I can
read, he for his fore-head, she for her private study, she's
borne to beare with me, or else my art fayles.

Rafe. Why Robin what booke is that?

Ro. What booke? why the most intollerable booke for
coniuring that ere was inuerted by any brimstone diuel.

Rafe. Canst thou coniure with it?

Ro. I can do al these things easily with it: first, I can
make thee drinke with ipocrase at any Taverne in Eu-
rope for nothing, that's one of my coniuring workes.

Rafe. Our maister Parson saies that's nothing.

Ro. True Rafe, and more Rafe, if thou hast any minde

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To Nan Spit our kitchin maide , then turne and swinde her
to thine owne vse, as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

Rafe. O braue Robin, shal I haue Nan spit, and to mine
owne vse? On that condition sic feed thy diuell with hors-
bread as long as he liues, of free cost.

Ro. No more sweete Rafe, lets go and make cleane our
vutes which lye soule bypon our hands , and then to our
coniuring in the Diuels name.

Exeunt.

Enter Robin and Rafe with a siluer goblet.

Ro. Come Rafe did not I tell thee , we were for euer
made by this docto: Faustus book: ecce signum, her's a sim-
ple purchase for horse-keepers, our horses shal eat no hay as
long as this lastis.

Enter the Vintner.

Rafe. But Robin here comes the Wintere.

Robin. Hush, Ile gul him supernaturally: Drawer, I
hope al is paid, God be with you , come Rafe.

Vint. Soft Sir, a word with you , I must yet haue a
goblet payd from you ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet Rafe, I a goblet: I scorne you: and you
are but a sc. I a goblet: search me.

Vint. I meane so sir with your fauor.

Robin. Now say you now:

Vintn, I must say somewhat to your fellow, you sir.

Rafe. Me sir, me sir, se arch your fill: now sir, you may be
ashamed to barden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vintn. Well, one of you hath this goblet about you.

Rob. You lye Drawer, tis afores me: Sirra you, Ile teach
ye to impeach honest men: stand by , Ile scoure you for a
goblet, stand aside you had best , I charge you in the name
of Belzabub: looke to the goblet Rafe.

Vintn. What meane you Sirra?

Robin. Ile tell you what I meane. He reades.

Sactabulorum Periphrasticon: nay Ile tickle you Vintner,
looke to the goblet Rafe, Polypragmos Belseborams framan-
to pacostiphos costu Mephaстophilis.&c.

Enter Mephaстophilis: sets squibs at their backes:
they runne about.

Vintner

Doctor Faustus.

Vintner O Nomine Domine, what meanest thou Robin?
thou hast no goblet.

Rasc Peccatum peccatorum, hers thy goblet, god vint-
ner.

Robin Misericordia pro nobis, what shall I do? god vint-
ner, and I'll never rob thy library more,

Enter to them Meph.

Meph. Vanish villains, th' one like an Ape an other like
a Bear, the third an Ass so; doing this enterprise.

Monarchs of hell, vnder whose black suruey
Great Potentates do knarie with awfull fears,
Upon whose altars thousand soules doe lie,
How am I vexed with this villains charmes:
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only so; pleasure of these damned slaves.

Rob. How, from Constantinople you have had a great
journey, will you take six pence in your purse to pay for
your supper and be gone?

Mc. Well villains for your presumption, I transforme
thae into an Ape, and thae into a Dog and so be gone. Exit.

Rob. How into an Ape? that's bracie. I haue fine sport
with the bores, Ile get nuts and aples now.

Rasc, And I must be a Dogge. exeunt.

Robin Ifaith thy head will never out of the postage poe.

Enter Emperour, Faustus and a Knight

with attendants.

Emperour Doctor Faustus, I haue heard strange re-
ports of thy knoledge in the black Art, how that none in my
Empire, nor in the wholle world can compare with thee, for
the rare effects of Magick: they say thou hast a familiar
spirit, by whome thou canst accomplish what thou list, this
therfore is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy
skill that mine eyes may be witness to confirme what my
earres haue heard reported, and heare I sweare to thee, by
the hono; of mine Imperiall crowne, that what euer thou
doest, thou shalt be vs wayes prouidised or indamaged.

Knight Ifaith he looks much like a coniurer. aside.
Faust

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Fau. My gratiouſ ſoueraigne, though I muſt confeſſe
my ſelfe far inferior to the report men haue published, and
nothing anſwerable to the honor of your imperial maieſty
yet fo; that loue and duty bindes me therento, I am con-
tent to do what your maieſty ſhall command me.

Em. Then doctoꝝ, Faſtus, marke what I ſhal ſay, As
I was ſometime ſolitary ſet, within my Cloſet, ſundry
thoughts arose, about the honour of mine aunceltoꝝ, how
they had won by proweſſe ſuch explayts, got ſuch riches,
subdueſ ſo many kingdomeſ, as we that do ſuccede, or they
that ſhall hereaſter poſſeſſe our thron, ſhal (I heare me) ne-
uer attaine to that degré of high renowm and great autho-
rity, amoungſt which kings is Alexander the great, cheeſe
ſpectacle of the worlds preheminence,
The bright ſhining of whose gloriouſ actes
As when I heare but motion made of him,
It greeues my ſoule I never ſaw the man:
If therfore thou, by cuſting of thine Art,
Canſt raife this man from hollow vaults below,
Wher e lies intomb'd this famouſ Conqueror,
Both in their right ſhapes, gesture, and attire
They uſe to weare during their time of life,
Thou ſhalt both ſatisfie my iuſt deſire,
And giue me cauſe to praife thee whiſt I liue.

Fau. My gratiouſ Lord, I am ready to accoimpliſh your
requeſt, ſo far forth as by art and power of my ſpirit I am
able to perſorme.

Knight. I faith that's iuſt nothing at all. Aside.

Fau. But if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to
preſent before your eyes, the true ſubſtantiall bodies of
thoſe two deceaſed priuinces which long ſince are conſu-
med to duff.

Knight. I mary maiftor doctoꝝ, nowther's a ſigne of
grace in you when you wil confeſſe the truthe. Aside.

Fau. But ſuch ſpirits as can liuely reſemblē Alexander
and his Par amour ſhal appear before your Grace, in that
maner

Doctor Faustus.

manner that they best liu'd in, in their most gloriwing estate, which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your Imperiall maiesty,

Em. Go too maister Doctor, let me see them presently.

Kn. Do you heare maister doctor, you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperour.

Fau. How then sir?

Kn. I faith that's as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag.

Fau. No sir, but when Acteon dyed, he left the hornes for you: Mephastophilis be gone. Exit Meph.

Kn. Nay, and you go to coniuring, ile be gon. Exit Kn.

Fau. Ile meete with you anon for interrupting me so; here they are my gracious Lord.

Enter Meph with Alexander and his paramour.

Em. Maister Doctor, I heard this Lady while she liu'd had a moale or wart in hir necke, how shal I know whether it be so or no:

Fau. Your highnes may boldly go and see. Exit Alex.

Em. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantiall bodyes of these two deceased princes.

Fau. Wilt please your highnesse now to send for the Knight that was so pleasant with me of late.

Em. One of you call him sooth.

Enter the Knight with a paire of hornes on his head.

Em. Now now sir Knight: why I had thought thou hadst beene a batcheler, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only giues thee hornes, but makes thee weare them, féele on thy head.

Kn. Thou damned wretch, and execrable dog,
Bread in the concave of some monstrous rocke:
How dar'st thou thus abuse a Gentleman?
Villaine I say vndo what thou hast don.

C

Fau

The tragical history of

Fau. O not so fast sir, ther's no halfe but good, are you remembred how you crotted me in my conference with the Emperour? I thinke I haue met with you for it.

Emp. Good maister Doctor, at my intreayt release him, he hath done penance sufficient.

Fau. My gracious Lord, not so much for the intuary haue offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faust: worthily requited this iniurios knight, which being al I desire, I am content to release him of his bondes: and sir knight, hereafter speake well of Schollers, Mepha'tophilis, transforme him strait. Now my good Lord hauing done my duty, I humbly take my leue.

Emp. Farewel maister Doctor, yet ere you go, expect from me a bonnieous reward. Exit Emperour.

Fau. Now Mepha'tophilis, the restlesse course that time doth run with calme and silent foote,
Shortning my daies and thred of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest yeares,
Therselfe sweet Mepha'tophilis, let vs make hast to Wetterberg.

Me. What, wil you go on horsebacke or on foot?

Fau. Nay, til I am past this fayre and pleasant green, I'll walk on foot. Enter a horse-courser.

Hors. I haue bin al this day seeking one maister Fustian: maister sir where he is, God saue you maister doct^r.

Fau. What horse-courser, you are well met.

Hors. Sir you haire sir? I haue brought you somy dolters for your horse.

Fau. I cannot sell him so: if thou lik'st him so fiftie, take him.

Hors. I late sir, I haue no more, I pray you speake so me.

Me. I pray you let him haue him, he is an honest felow and he has a great charge, nevther wife nor childe.

Fau. Well, come give me your mony, my boy wil deliuer him to you: but I must tell you one thing before you haue him.

Doctor Faustus.

hing, ride him not into the water at any hand.

Hors. Why sir, wil he not drinke of all waters?

Fau. O yes, he wil drinke of al waters, but ride him not into the water, ride him ouer hedge or ditch, or where thou wilst, but not into the water.

Hors. Wel sir, now I am a made man soz euer, Ile not leauue my horse for forty: if he had but the quality of hev ding, ding, hev ding, ding, Ide make a brane liuing on him; he has a buttock as sick as an eele: wel god buy sir, your boy wil deliuer him me: but hark you sir, if my horse be sick or il at ease, If I bring his water to you, youle tel me what it

Exit Horse-courser. is:

Fau. Away you villaine: what, doſt think I am a horse-doctor? what art thou Faustus but a man condemn'd to die? Thy fatall time doth draw to finall end, Dispayre doth drue distrust vnto my thoughts, Confound these passions with a quiet sleepe: Tush, Christ did cal the theefe vpon the Crosse, The reſt theſe Faustus quiet in conceit. Sleep in his chaire.

Enter horse-courser all wet crying.

Hors. Alas, alas, Doctor Faustian gnoth a, mas doctor. Lopus ~~was~~ never such a doctor, has giue me a purgation, has purg'd me of forty Dollars, I shal never ſee them moxe: but yet like an aſſ as I was, I would not be rul'd by him, ſo: he bade me I ſhould ride him into no water; now I thinke my horse had had ſom rare quality that he would not haue had me known off, I like a ventrous youth, rid him into the deepe pord at the townes end, I was no ſooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vaniſht away, and I ſat vpon a bottle of hev, neuer ſo neere drowning in al my life, but Ile ſecke out my doctor, ~~or~~ haue my forty dollars againe, or Ile make it the deare horse: O yonder is his ſnipper ſnapper, do you heare: you, hev, paſſe, wher's your maſter:

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Me. Why sir, wh^t would you: you cannot speak with him.

Hors. But I will speak with him.

Me. Why he^s fast asleepe, come some other time.

Hors. I^le speak with him now, or I^le breake his glasse-
windowes about his eares.

Me. I tel the^t he has not slept these eight nights.

Hors. And he^e haue not slept these eight weekes I^le speak
with him.

Me. See where he is fast asleepe.

Hors. I, this is he, God saue ye maister doctor, maister
doctor, maister doctor Faustian, forty dollers, forty dollers
for a bottle of he^y.

Me. Why, thou s^test he heares the^t not.

Hors. Ho, ho, ho: so, ho, ho. Hallow in his eare.
Bo, wil you not wake? I^le make you wake ere I go.

Pull him by the leg, and pul it away.

Alasse I am vndone, what sh^t I do?

Fau. O my leg, my leg, help Mephistophilis, cal the Es-
ecers, my leg, my leg.

Me. Come vllaine to the Constable.

Hors. O Lord Sir, let me go, and I^le giue you forty dol-
lers more.

Me. Where be they?

Hors. I haue none about mee, come to my Dastry and
I^le giue them you.

Me. Be gon quickly. Horse-courser runs away.

Fau. What is he gon? farewell hee, Faustus has his legge
againe, & the horse-courser I take it, a bottle of he^y for his
labour; wel, this tricke shal cost him forty dollers more.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, whats the newes with the^t?

Wag.

Doctor Faustus.

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat
your company.

Fau. The Duke of Vanholt an honourable gentleman,
to whome I must be no niggard of my cunning, come Mephastophilis, let's away to him. Exeunt.

Enter to them the Duke and the Dutches.

the Duke speakes.

Du. Welcome me maister Doctor, this merriment hath
much pleased me.

Fau. My gracious Lord, I am glad it contents you so
well: but it may be Madam, you take no delight in this, I
haue heard that great bellyed women do long for some
dainties or other, what is it Madam: tell me, and you shall
have it.

D. t. h. Thanks good maister Doctor,
And so I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I wil not
hide from you the thing my heart desires, & were it now
Summer, as it is January, & the dead time of the winter,
I would desire no better meat then a dish of grapes.

Fau. Alas Madam, that's nothing, Mephastophilis, be gone:
Exit Meph.. were it a greater thing than this, so it would
content you, you shold have it: here Enter Mephastophilis
they be Madam, will please you taste with the grapes.
on them?

Du. Welcome me maister Doctor, this makes me wonder
aboue the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, & in
the merth of January, how you shold com by these grapes:

Fau. If it like your grace, the yere is diuided into two
circles ouer the whole worl'd, that when it is here winter
with vs, in the contrary circle it is summer wth them, as in
India, Saba, & farther countreys in the East, & by meane
of a swift spirit that I haue, I had them brought hether, as
ye see, how do you like them? Madame be they good?

Dut. Welcome me maister Doctor, they be the best grapes

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that ere I talked in my life before.

Fau. I am glad they content you so Madam.

Du. Come Madame, let vs in, where you must wel reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shew'd to you.

Duc. And so I will say Lord, and whilst I live,
Rest beholding for this cortesse.

Fau. I humbly thanke your Grace.

Du. Come, maister Doctor, follow vs, and receive your reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Wagner solus.

Wag. I thinke my maister meanes to dye shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods.
And yet me thinkes, if that death were nere,
He would not banquet, and carowse, and swill
Amongst the Students, as euен now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-chere,
As Wagner nere beheld in all his life.
See where they come: belike the feast is ended.

Enter Faustus with two or three Schollers.

I. Sch. Maister Doctor, Faustus, Once our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beutifulst in al y world, wee haue determined with our selues, y Helen of Greece was the admirablest Lady that euer liued: therfore maister Doctor, if you wil do vs that fauor, as to let vs see that perelesse Dame of Greece, whom al the world admires for maiestry, wee shoulde thinke our selues much beholding unto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is unfaulned, Faustus custome is not to deny the iust request of those that wish him well, you shall behold that perelesse Dame of Greece, no otherwates for pompe & maiestry then when sir Paris crost the seas w her, and brought the spoiles to rich Dardania. Be silent then, soz daunger is in words,

Mu.

Doctor Faustus.

Musick sounds, and Helen passeth over the Stage.

2. Sch. Too simple is my wit to tel her praise,
Whome all the world admires for Maiesty.

3. Sch. No maruaile tho the angry Grækes pursu'd
With ten yeares war the rape of such a Queen,
Whose heauenly beauty passeth all compare.

1. Since we haue scene the pride of natures workes,
And only Paragon of excellency. Enter an old man.
Let vs depart, and for this gloriouſe deed
Happy and bleſſt be Faſtus euenmo're.

Fau. Gentlemen far well, the ſame I wiſh to you.

Exeunt Schol'eis.

Old. Ah Doctor Faſtus, that I miſt preuaile,
To guide thy ſteps vnto the way of life,
By which ſweete path thou maift attaine the gole
That ſhall conduct theſe to celeſtiall reſt.
Breake heart, drop bloud, and mingle it with teares,
Teares falling from repentaſt heauines
Of thy moſt vilde and loathſome filthynelle,
The ſtench whereof corrupts the inward ſoule.
With ſuch vagituous crimes of haynoſe ſinnes,
As no commiſeration may erpell,
But mercy Faſtus of thy Sauour ſweet,
Whose bloud alone muſt wash away thy guilt. (done)

Fau. Wher art thou Faſtus? wretch what haſt thou
Damm'd art thou Faſtus, damm'd, diſpayre and dye,
Hel calls for right, and with a roaring boyce
Hates, Faſtus come, thine houre is come, Meph. giues
And Faſtus wil come to do theſe right. him a dagger.

Old. Ah stay good Faſtus, stay thy desperate ſteps,
I ſee an Angel hauers o're thy head,
And with a viol full of pretious grace,
Offers to poure the ſame into thy ſoule,
Then call for mercy and auoyd diſpaire.

Fau. Ah my ſweete friend, I ſtele thy wo'ds

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To comfort my distressed soule,
Leaue me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old. I go sweete Faustus, but with heauy cheare,
fearing the ruine of thy hopelette soule.

Fau. Accursed Faustus where is mercy now?
I do repente, and yet I do dispayre:

~ Hell striues with grace for conquest in my breast,
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Me. Thou traytor Faustus, I arrest thy soule
For disobedience to my soueraigne Lord,
Reuolt, or Ile in pece-meale teare thy flesh.

Fau. Sweete Mephestophilis, intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vniust presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Me. Do it then quickly, with vnseyned heart,
Least greater danger do attend thy drest.

Fau. Torment sweet friend, that base and crooked age,
That durst diswade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Me. His fayth is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I may afflict his body with,
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Fau. One thing good servant let me craue of the
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I might haue vnto my paramour,
That heauenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweete embracings may extinguish cleane,
These thoughts that do diswade me from my vow,
And keepe my oath I made to Lucifer.

Me. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shalbe perform'd in twinkling of an eye. Enter Helen.

Fau. Was this the face that lancht a thousand ships?
And burnt the toplette Towres of Ilium?
Sweete Helen make me immortal with a kisse:
Her lips lacke soorth my soule, see where it flies:

Come

Doct or Faustus.

Come Helen, come give me my sople againe.
Here will I dwelle, for heauen be in these lyps,
And all is drosse that is not Helena: Enter old man.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thē,
In stead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sackt,
And I will combate with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy coulozs on my plumed Crest:
Yea I will wound Achillis in the heele,
And then returne to Helen for a kisse.
O thou art fayrer then the euening ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand starris,
Brighter art thou then flaming Jupiter,
When he appear'd to haplesse Semele,
More louely then the monarcke of the skye
In wanton Arethusaes azurd armes,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour. Exeunt.

Old man. Accursed Faustus miserable man,
That from thy soule exclud'st the grace of heauen,
And flyest the thronē of his tribunall seate,

Enter the Diuels.

Sathan begins to lift me with his pride,
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My fayth, bille hell, shall tryumph ouer thē,
Ambitious fiends, see how the heauens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorne,
Hence hell, for hence I flye unto my God. Exeunt.

Enter Faustus with the Schollers.

Fau. Ah Gentleinen !

1. Sch. What ayles Faustus?

Fau. Ah my swēt chamber-fellow! had I liued with thē,
then had I liued still, but now I dye eternally: look, comes
he not, comes he not?

2. Sch. What meanes Faustus?

3. Scholler. Welike he is growne into some sicknesse, by
F being

The Tragical history of
being ouer solitary.

1. Sch. If it be so, wæle haue Physicians to cure him,
tis but a surfeit, neuer feare man.

Fau. A surfeit of deadly saine that hath damb'd both bo-
dy and soule.

2. Sch. Yet Faustus looke vp to heaven, remember
Gods mercies are infinite.

Fau. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned,
The Serpent that tempted Eve may be sau'd,
But not Faustus: Ah gentlemen, here me w patience, and
tremble not at my speches, though my heart pants, & qui-
uers to remember that I haue bin a student here these 30.
yeres, O wold I had neuer seene Wertenberge, neuer
read book, & what wonders I haue done, all Germany can
witnes, yea al the world, for which Faustus hath lost both
Germany, & the world, yea heauen it seise, heauen the seat
of god, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of ioy & must
remaine in hell for euer, hell, ah hel for euer, sweetfriends,
what shall become of Faustus being in hel for euer.

3. Sch. Yet Faustus call on God.

Fau. On God whomie Faustus hath abiur'd, on God
whom Faustus hath blasphemed, ah my God, I wold
wæpe, but the Diuell drawes in my teares, gush forth
blood, in stead of teares, yea life and soule, Oh hee stayes
my tongue, I wold lift vp my hands, but see, they holde
them, they hold them.

All. Who Faustus?

Fau. Lucifer and Mephistophilis.
Ah Gentlemen! I gane them my soule for my cunning.

All. God forbid.

Fau. God forbad it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for
vaine pleasure of 24. yeres hath Faustus lost eternal ioy
and felicity, I wæt them a bill with mine owne bloud, the
date is expired, the time wil come, and he wil fetch me.

1. Sch. Why did not Faustus tell vs of this before, that
Divines might haue praid for thee?

Fau.

Doctor Faustus.

Fau. Oft haue I thought to haue done so, but the diuell
threatned to teare me in pieces if I nam'd God, to fetch
both body and soule, if I once gaue eare to Divinity: and
now tis too late: Gentlemen away least you perish wth me.

2. Sch. O what shall we do to Faustus?

Faustus. Talle not of mee, but save your selues, and
depart.

3. Sch. God will strengthen me I will stay with Faustus.

1. Sch. Tempt not God swete friends, but let vs into
the next roomie, and there pray for him.

Fau. I pray for me, pray for me, and what worse soever
ye heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can rescue me.

2. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray that GOD may
haue mercy vpon thee.

Fau. Gentlemen farewell, if I liue till morning, Ile vi-
site you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

Exeunt Sch.

The clocke strikes eleven.

Fau. Ah Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare houre to liue.
And then thou must be damn'd perpetnally:
Stand stil you euer moouing spheres of heauen.
That time may cease, and midnight neuer come:
Faire Natures eye, rise, rise againe, and make
Perpetuall day, or let this houre be but a yere,
A month, a w^{ch}eke, a naturall day,
That Faustus may repent and saue his soule,
O lente lente currite noctis equi:
The stars moue stil, time runs, y clock wil strike,
The diuel wil come, & Faustus must be damn'd.
Dile leap vp vnto my God: who puls me downe:
See see where Christs blood stremes in the firmament,
One drop would saue my soule, half a drop, ah my Christ,
Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
Yet will I call on him, oh spare me Lucifer!

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Where is it now: tis gone:
And see where God stretcheth forth his arme,
And bents his irefull browes:
Mountaines and hills, come come and fall on me.
And hide me from the heauy wrath of God.
No no, then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth gape, O no, it will not harbour me:
yon stars that raign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw vp Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the intiales of yon laboring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the ayre,
My limbs may issac from your smoaky mouthes,
So that my soule may but ascend to heauen:
Ah, halfe the houre is past: The watch striketh.
Twill all be past anone:
O God, if y will not haue mercy ou my soule,
Yet for Chist's sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant payne,
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand and at last be sau'd.
O no end is limited to damned soules:
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule:
O, why is this immortall that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras mete insuccossis were that true,
This soule should flee from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast: al beasts are happy, for whē they
Their soules are soone disolu'd in elements, (die,
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell:
Curst be the parents that engendred me:
Ho Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriu'd thee of the ioyes of heauen.

The clock striketh twelue.
O it striketh, it striketh, now body turne to ayre,
O Lucifer will beare thee quick to hell:
Thunder and lighning.

Dy

Doctor Faustus.

Oh soule, be chang'd into little water drops,
And fall into the Ocean nere be sound,
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me: enter diuels.
Adders and Serpents let me breath a while:
Ugly heli gape not, come not Lucifer,
Ile burn my books, ah Mephistophilis, excunt with him.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full straight,
And burned is Apollos Laurell bough,
That sometime grew within this learued man:
Faustus is gone regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiend-ful fortune may exhort the wits,
Only to wonder at unlawfull things,
whose deepnes doth intice such forward wits,
To practise more then heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diei, Terminat author opus.



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